

Coming Week at the Local Show Houses

**"OVER THERE" NEXT
WEDNESDAY AND
THURSDAY**

Selznick mammoth production featuring Anna Nielson and Charles Richman in "Over There," that was previously booked for the Alhambra July 24, will be presented two days next Wednesday and Thursday. No advance in prices will be charged. Advertisement.

**BLOODHOUNDS IN
NEW PHOTOPLAY**

Real bloodhounds, not to mention several Great Danes, will be important factors in the development of the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the new Paramount photoplay starring Marguerite Clark which will be a super-attraction at the Alhambra tomorrow.

The dogs are the property of Captain Douglas S. Hertz, who leads them in the exciting slave chases which are features of the photoplay. The dogs were taken to Bath, Me., where the river scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were photographed, and it was found difficult to secure accommodations for the animals. They were finally lodged in cells at the police station where they remained until the chase scenes were completed.

Miss Clark plays two roles in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," those of Eva and Topsy. She appears simultaneously in the same scenes by the aid of double exposure photography, the effect at times being weird. She is finely supported by capable players chief among whom are J. W. Johnston, Florence Carpenter, Frank Losee, Ruby Hoffman, Susanne Willis and Jere Austin.

**"HEARTS OF WORLD"
HAS CHILD ARTISTS**

Children of the stage and the motion picture are ever a constant wonder to grownups. The latest juvenile wonder to be seen on the screen in Master Alexander, 6 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander, of Pasadena, Cal., who appears as the littlest brother in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," coming to the Orpheum theater August 18.

This little fellow, so small that he appears almost a babe in arms, truly is a wonderful child actor. While "Hearts of the World" has been a tremendous triumph for Mr. Griffith, for the beautiful Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and for its managers, Elliott, Comstock and Gest, surely when the final score is counted, all who have seen this remarkable production will give credit to little Ben as being wholly worthy of the order of merit and the war cross for bravery.

This little chap accompanied Mr. Griffith and his company to France and to the battlefields, where, within actual range of the giant guns, he proved himself as brave as any of his older associates, acting his beautiful scenes often during bombardments by the Germans. In one scene especially this tiny youngster risked his precious life to help in securing a very vital situation in the story. In this scene, by a fortunate circumstance, little Ben was unharmed when buried under an avalanche of plaster and laths. When audiences look upon this scene and see the tiny actor buried under the wreckage, there is a catch at the heart strings, for to many it appears as though he were caught in the awful holocaust. When the dirt is dug away and his little form moves the audience sighs with relief on seeing him blink through the dust and filth. And when he looks up and smiles, showing that he is unharmed, there is a general feeling of gratification.

After reading the various statements by Austrian commanders we have come to the decision that they have all been sport editors in towns that had losing teams.

**A WIFE FOR MONEY,
A WIFE FOR LOVE**

It has often been shown that a woman whose ruling thought in life is society and what it can bring her knows far less about wisely devotion than one whose obsession is a happy home and children to grace it. This difference in wives is graphically brought out in "Social Ambition," a powerful drama, to be seen at the Ogden theater tomorrow.

To such women are the wives of Vincent Mantion at different periods in the play. The drama opens with Mantion as the husband of a woman whose thoughts are only of the good things his wealth can bring her and the impression she can make with it in society.

Manton, a daring speculator in New York, is caught in a net that finally brings about his financial ruin. Until he realizes that his wife has no further interest in him, life for Mantion is bitter, indeed. Finally he decides to let her have a divorce and leaves New York for Alaska in search of another fortune. There he comes into possession of an abandoned claim, which he works for months to no avail. Discouraged, he too often finds solace in drink.

One night, while drunk, he insults a cabaret dancer and is badly beaten by miners in a dance hall. The girl comes to his rescue when the proprietor is about to shoot him and takes him to her home to nurse him. This strange acquaintanceship is destined to ripen into love. Not only does she help him to quit drinking, but she is also responsible for his suddenly acquired wealth, for she finds pay dirt in a doormat while cleaning house. He marries her.

Here is the true love. How different from the woman in New York who estimated her love only by the size of his fortune and shunned and abhorred him the moment he lost it.

It's well to keep the folks cheered up, but when newspapers announce that "500,000 Huns, crowded into a trap, are facing approaching death," they don't compliment the folks upon their mentality, much.

ALHAMBRA STARS



Marguerite Clark "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

STARTS TOMORROW—3 DAYS' RUN. PARAMOUNT'S MAMMOTH PRODUCTION. THE GREAT-EST UNCLE TOM ON THE STAGE, OR PICTURES EVER ATTEMPTED IN GRANDEUR, DETAIL AND PERFECTION.

LAST TIME TODAY, "THE CITY OF DIM FACES AND "THE HIDDEN DEATH"—THE FIRST TWO-REEL STORY OF "THE EAGLE'S EYE"—DON'T MISS IT.

"OVER THERE" COMES WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY—"TO HELL WITH THE KAISER"

Christian Scientists Working for Victory in the Great War

(By James Arthur Seavey in the New York Times for June 9, 1918.) "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" Why, bless your heart, they've been in "onward" for months, and in the last few weeks, they've been going onward "over there" by squads and companies and regiments. They are the vanguard of the army of Christian Scientists who are going to help Pershing make the world safe for democracy. And as every good American soldier is without reproach, so these Christian Science soldiers are without fear. For every one of them knows and proclaims as truth—practical, undodgeable, hardscrabble truth—the words of the Ninety-first Psalm:

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

When the national bonnet was tossed into the ring, the Christian Scientists went in after it. They hustled into their fighting clothes, and they're never going to shed them until the Scienceless and Godless and Gott-involving German Emperor sees his hosts of darkness broken and vanquished by the battalions of light. Not even Henry Ford is more determined to "carry on" until the Allies have won the war than are the Christian Scientists. Their great organization is on a war basis and their work is going on in every training camp in this country and in the camps, the trenches and the hospitals of Flanders and of France.

But the world knows practically nothing about Christian Science warriors and the war work of the organization. Everybody knows what the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus and other organizations are doing, but the Scientists have been working as the coral insects work, and the reef of their labor has received little notice. One reason for this probably may be found in the fact that they ask no financial assistance outside their own membership. While there may be individuals in other religious denominations much wealthier than any individual member of the Christian Science denomination, there probably is no denomination, in proportion to its size, which has the aggregate wealth of this one. And this is as it should be, if there is merit in their metaphysics, for do they not declare that they were made in the image and likeness of God, that He is in all, that He is Truth and Love, an Infinite Supply Station from which to pour out all good things to those who keep His laws? In other words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

And this is the principle they apply in raising funds for war work. After the United States declared war on Germany the Mother Church in Boston, on November 17, sent notices to the three largest churches in each state that, if a conference of churches and societies in that state were called, a representative of the Board of Directors of the Boston organization would submit a plan for carrying on camp welfare work among the Christian Scientists in the army and navy camps in this country and in Europe. Less than a month later the first war welfare work of American Christian Scientists started at Camp Devens, at Ayer, Mass.

Today, in the thirty or forty camps and cantonments in the United States, there are sixty-three Christian Science camp workers, fifteen welfare room

attendants, with forty-five automobiles and hundreds of others, as members here of local and state camp welfare committees, are working to give all the aid and comfort possible to the men who have been called to the colors. There are plenty of persons who take no stock in the theory and practice of Christian Science, and it is not the purpose of this article to enter into any discussion of Christian Science as a religious dogma. But when one examines the machinery of their organization, observes the smoothness and celerity with which it works, and sees the capacity for infinite detail, it must be admitted that, when the Christian Science organization has anything to do, it makes a good job of it, without any fuss, feathers, or horn-tooting.

The Board of Directors realized that, to do the war work needed to be done, a very sizable special fund would have to be raised. They just let the membership in the churches of the country know that they wanted money and what they wanted it for, and presto, the money came flowing in! Today the organization is spending \$40,000 a month in this work, and as soon as they need more dollars, they will send out a call—a call only to Christian Scientists, mind you—and dollars will answer the call and keep on answering until the war is over and the work is done.

For the edification of all and several conscientious objectors (objectors on account of religious teaching) it should be stated that they cannot invoke Christian Science in any slacker suit. A slacker suit would be taken in the selected draft and came up before one of the New York exemption boards. He was hard as nails and physically fit as a "white hope." He trotted out a job lot of excuses to get out of serving in the army, and finally said he was a Christian Scientist, and that the teachings of his church forbade him to fight anybody.

The Chairman of the board inquired to which Christian Science church he belonged. The man named the church and the Chairman got some one in authority there on the telephone and told the slacker's story. Back came the reply: "Nothing that man has told you about Christian Science is true, and your board may as well understand now that no one who tells such a story is a Christian Scientist, or, with such views, could be. The Christian Science denomination is with the Entente Allies in winning this war, and winning it just as quickly as possible. We are in it to a finish with our men and our money and all the strength that the teachings of Christian Science can give to a just cause."

The slacker ceased to slack. Every Christian Scientist I have met in this investigation seems the happiest individual I ever have encountered. Indeed, they hold that it is an error of mortal mind to be unhappy, and that it is absolutely impossible for a human being to be unhappy if he is in harmony with God. That happiness is one of the triumphs that the Christian Science workers play at the training camps. In just as short a time as possible after a Christian Scientist arrives at a camp, one of the workers makes his acquaintance. He needs anything, permitted by the army or navy regulations, that can make him more comfortable. Whatever he asks for that is proper for him to have he gets, gets quickly and gets with one of those persuasive and expressive Christian Science smiles.

Then he is asked how things are at home, whether the home folks are likely to want for anything while he is fighting. If he can think of anything that his family does or may need, he tells the story, the address of the fam-

ily is taken, the address is forwarded to the Christian Science Church nearest the boy's home, somebody from that church is directed to visit the home, and, from that moment, that family will want for nothing until the boy comes home. The boy in camp knows it, his mind is at rest, and he hasn't anything to do thereafter but to learn to be a soldier, put his education behind the guns "over there" and—be happy.

It is possible to realize, and with no great mental effort that an American soldier overseas, certain in his mind that all is well at home, and having neither camp grouse nor trench grouch, will fight harder and more intelligently than the soldier whose mind is troubled and distraught. If that be true, then the Christian Science brand of happiness handed over to the recruits in the training camp makes for fighting efficiency if it does.

power to it! Congress ought to make a special appropriation for its general distribution.

And these Christian Science soldiers meet another brigade of happiness purveyors almost as soon as they depart from the transports. The army welfare work in France and in Flanders is in charge of Paul Harsch, nine lieutenants, and hundreds of secretaries.

Mr. Harsch was formerly First Reader in the First Church of Christ Scientist, in Toledo. As soon as he and his fellows arrived in France they joined hands with the war relief workers from the Christian Scientists in France and in England. The combined force is formidable in numbers and in the Christian Science workers have Harsch's committee is forwarded from this country the products of the Christian Science Comforts Forwarding Committee. Branches of this committee are working in every state in the Union, the headquarters of the New York City branch being at 125 West Forty-third street. The Christian Science women work along lines similar to those of the women of other denominations and other organizations. They knit socks and sweaters and helmets and wristlets and gauntlets, and they prepare comfort kits which carry real comfort to the Christian Science soldiers "over there."

If all the Christian Scientists in Pershing's army were bridged together, the bridge would be made of many persons, a surprisingly large number of fighting Americans. But what kind of fighters do they make? That's the chief question and the one to which all others must be subordinated. If the teachings of Christian Science are susceptible of practical demonstration, a Christian Scientist ought to make the most formidable fighter who ever opposed a boche. "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," the textbook of the denomination, teaches that fear is an error of the mortal mind. Once the mortal mind is brought into harmony with God, Infinite Mind, Truth, Love, there can be no such thing as fear. If a Christian Science soldier has no conception of fear, then fighting ought to be the best thing he does. Applying the same kind of reasoning a little further, if the entire American army, in the force that it will finally muster on the west front, were composed entirely of Christian Scientists, Pershing would be leading the grand march into Berlin before the Kaiser knew what had hit him. The total absence of fear on the part of Christian Science soldiers was emphasized in the Christian Science Sentinel in an editorial published on April 17, which, in part reads:

"valley of the shadow of death" to go through, because they maintain the assurance that God is life and man cannot be separated from God. Consequently, amid trials they are not afraid and give courage to their comrades."

In a recent issue of The Christian Science Monitor we find this: "Now, in destroying an unreal mental phenomenon, there is no difference whether there be a torpedo in the Atlantic, a shell in No Man's Land, a wound in a dressing station, or a fever in a base hospital. You do not turn aside a torpedo or a shell in flight, or a bayonet thrust any more than you will turn a fever. What you do is to realize that these things are 'not made of things that do appear.' You endeavor to grasp the fact that, inasmuch as a lie cannot be about nothing, your torpedo, shell, bayonet thrust, or fever must be a lie about some truth, which, when you know it, frees you from the effect of the ignorance bred to the material concept. * * * When once you have grasped that metaphysically, and attune your life to that precept, you will find how utterly impossible it is that the false concept of a lie, whether in the shape of torpedo, shell, bayonet thrust, or fever, shall ever come nigh you."

If that theory works in France and in Flanders, it's all off with the Kaiser and the rest of the Central Powers! Or, rather, it would be, if we could have more Christian Scientists in our army than anything else. For, if our shells and shrapnel and the bullets of our machine guns and rifles can annihilate, but the shells and shrapnel and bullets of the enemy can do no harm, then it is absolutely certain that the Germans can't win if they fight a million years—provided the allied armies were made up entirely of Christian Scientists.

But the most mystifying and interesting feature of this theory is that it works. At least, Christian Scientists have gone down into the valley of the shadow in Flanders and in France and have come back unscathed to tell their story, while soldiers of other beliefs and no beliefs passed into the land of silence.

The Christian Science organization will cite many cases in proof of this and, if desired, give the names and addresses of the men referred to. For instance, take the case of the British Christian Science boys in the British Expeditionary Force at Vimy Ridge. The fighting for the possession of that little elevation above the sand dunes of Flanders had been raging all day. Half the regiment to which these English boys belonged had been cut to pieces. In the late afternoon, when the western sky was brilliant with the colors of the sunset, the Britishers dropped into a deep shell hole. The shells continued to shriek and break above them, but "none came nigh unto them." After a little they pulled themselves together and one quietly drew from his pocket the Sunday school lesson for the following Sunday and suggested to his comrades that they might as well study it together in that shell hole as anywhere else.

And so they did that very thing, and, when the day had gone out of the west and the night shadows had fallen over the field, although the big guns were still booming, the boys decided to attempt to get back to their own line. They affirmed to each other their oneness with God. Life; and, sometimes craving, sometimes running, sometimes lying flat on their faces, they eventually got safely back among their fellows in the British forces.

In the first raid made by the Germans on the American sector near Toul a noncommissioned officer of the old American regular army got a nasty wound in one of his arms between the wrist and the elbow. He was ordered to a front line dressing station, but had not gone far when he dropped from loss of blood. He had been a Christian Scientist for several years, and, as he lay there, he, to quote from a letter he sent home, "realized that God is life, not death, that all strength is in mind, not in matter, and that it was not for me to bleed to

death when there was good American fighting to be done."

In a short time the flow of blood stopped, his strength returned, and, meeting another wounded American on his way to the dressing station, he helped him along to it, had his own arm dressed, and promptly returned to the American trenches.

There is another case that comes nearer home and concerning which I have first-hand knowledge. In the 107th regiment of the National Army, which, when it marched away to the war was New York's own gallant and Gallous Seventh, there is a young top sergeant in one of the lower-lettered companies. The regiment has been in France for several weeks. The young man has been a Scientist for several years.

One evening, not long ago, he was seized with a violent pain in the region of his appendix, and was examined by the army surgeon, who pronounced the attack acute appendicitis. The young sergeant was packed off to a hospital to be operated on the first thing in the morning. Operate on him, did the surgeon say? Not if the sergeant knew himself and his Christian Science, and he thought he did.

He kept his own counsel, but, as he lay there on his hospital cot, he set his mind to working overtime. He treated himself as a regular practitioner would have treated him, and soon he fell asleep. He was still sleeping when the hospital orderly came along to tell him that everything was ready for the operation. The boy blinked his eyes a second or two and then remarked:

"Operation? Nix. What I want is my clothes and some breakfast and then to get back on the job."

And before the astonished orderly quite realized what had happened, the young New Yorker hopped out of bed and capered blithely around the ward. The surgeon was summoned and, after looking the sergeant all over, concluded that, if the pain had not been caused by an inflamed appendix, it was probably caused from an affection of the kidneys. This was more than the risibilities of the boy could stand, and he laughingly exclaimed:

"Say, doc, stop your kidding. I never had anything the matter with my kidneys in my life. If you don't believe it, give me the kind of physical examination you would give a chap whom you wanted to keep out of the service."

The examination was made and Ser-Blank of Company —, 107th National Army, received a clean bill of health.

Some one reading these lines, and knowing that Christian Science will not mix with medicine, and that Christian Scientists will have nothing to do with physicians, may observe that, because of the army and navy regulations, sick or wounded Christian Science soldiers must go to army hospitals to be treated whether they like it or not. That is true, and what is more, every Christian Science soldier makes it his particular business to obey to the letter every regulation of the service. If he is ordered to be vaccinated against an attack of typhoid fever, he makes not the slightest protest. If he is ordered to a hospital, he goes with a smile. He "takes his medicine" and he takes his surgery, if those are the orders.

But, if the sick or wounded Christian Scientists are sufficiently advanced to treat themselves, they let the physicians and surgeons do their level "worst" and, when they get well they give devout thanks for having been healed in Christian Science. If they are not sufficiently advanced in their study to heal themselves, they will manage, whether they are in France or in Flanders, in Picardy or among the Vosges, to get word to a war front practitioner, and he will find a way to give his soldier both present and absent treatment.

Thus do these people, as an organization, carry on their war work in camp, on battlefield, and in hospital, and thus do their soldiers fight to make this world a decent place to live in and all men free. They not only supply funds for their own work, but they work with the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross and have contributed of their wealth to both. Some may ridicule them and denounce and condemn their practice, but never a dent do the jeers make in the armor of the Scientists, never one shadow do they throw upon the smile that never comes off. Whether they take stock in their dogma or not, they are splendidly



TUESDAY, AUGUST SIXTH Waikiki Beach AT THE LAGOON

helping to win this war that never, this they should have, and, doubtless again may war scourge the world. For will receive, a nation's gratitude.

LAST TIME TODAY "Shame" LAST TIME TODAY

A STORY OF THE WORLD'S UNJUST CONDEMNATION

The Photoplay of the Hour. . . With All star cast headed by

ZENA KEEFE and JACK DUNN

ALSO FIRST OFFICIAL PICTURES SHOWING THE

UTAH BOYS AT BOULDER

SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY

RHEA MITCHELL AND HOWARD HICKMAN in

"SOCIAL AMBITION"

A story of a man's redemption, with all the world, but one woman, against him.

IT'S GRIPPING! IT'S VITAL! IT'S THRILLING FIRST SHOWING OF THE OUTING-CHESTER TRAVELOGUES

Pictures of Merit, Education and Entertainment, Showing the "Ex-Cannibal's Carnival" Taken in the Fiji Islands.

ALLIED NATIONS' FOURTH WAR REVIEW

Positively the latest illustrated news from the war fronts.

Ogden Theatre

Starting Wednesday—John Mason, Leah Baird and Anne Luther in "Moral Suicide," a photoplay which lives up to its tremendous title.

SUNDAY, 5 to 11 P. M. 5c and 15c. DAILY 2 to 11